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HIS FELLOW WORKMEN GAVE HIM RATHER A HARD TIME.

Fred Steven's Dinner Party, and Other Sketches.

When Fred Stevens became converted his fellow-workmen gave him rather a hard time. Merry and full of life he had been, and was still, for the matter of that, but now they delighted to hush up every joke and pull a long face if he were nigh, pretending he thought it wicked to laugh.

But that which hurt him most was the charge of bad fellowship. 'He couldn't take a glass with them now, he was too good for that,' or the implied meanness that 'refused to stand treat as once he did.'

Fred was not mean. He was a frank-hearted, generous fellow, and the men knew it, only they wanted to get him back to the old ways. But Fred stood his ground, sometimes quietly went on with his work, and sometimes laughingly turned the tables against them. But he feared God. It was a real change in him, and he knew that whoever laughed he had the best of it, and was by far the happier.

At last, one day when the fun was keenest, and the taunting jokes were flying about, continually provoking laughter from the men, Fred turned round, saying, with one of his bright smiles, 'Look here, mates, it's quite true I have transferred my custom from the beerhouse to the butcher's, and I like it better. Now, I've often been with you and tried your fare will you come with me and try mine?'

The men stopped working, and turned to him, with an inquiring smile on their faces.

'Yes, I mean it,' he continued. 'To-morrow's Saturday, and if you'll come to my house in the evening instead of to the Black Bull I'll stand treat. But, mind, it'll be meat, not beer.'

The men were profuse in disclaiming their taunt of meanness. It was only to tease him they had spoken. Yet Fred stood to his invitation, and finally they agreed to come to 'Fred's dinner party,' as they dubbed it among themselves.

There were five of them besides Fred, and kind-hearted fellows as you can find. They were surprised to find what a comfortable home Fred had got, and how pleasantly his wife received them.

The dinner was good, too. Roast pork, apple sauce, and potatoes, and a substantial pudding to finish up with. They had good appetites, and enjoyed it, although there was no beer, and a pleasant, merry party it proved.

As soon as they had finished Jim Clifford got up. He was always the leader, bright, and full of life, and, holding a tumbler of water prominently before him, he said that he had an old duty to discharge in a new way. He was not much used to Adam's ale himself, but after the excellent fare they had, he must say it was refreshing, and he used it out of respect to his host, who had treated them so well. But it was the hostess he was going to talk about, who had served such a splendid meal, so well cooked, and who was looking so well as to remind them of the pretty girl they knew before she was married. 'I am going to ask you to drink her health in water, because I know she'll like that best.'

'Aye, I do!' was her emphatic response.

'Well, here's to her, lads,' he continued, 'and may she long live to give Fred as good dinners as she's given to us.' And they all, gladly and perhaps a little noisily, drank her health.

'Well, mates,' said Fred, standing up, 'I am right glad you have drunk Polly's health, for she deserves it. She's been a right down good wife to me, and if I am a Christian man to-day I owe it to her. And when I told her about this dinner she took to it like a Briton. "We'll do it," she said, and so she did, and did it well, too,' which sentiment the men heartily applauded.

'But, mates, what I want to say is this, that many a Saturday night I've spent more money at the Black Bull than this feed has cost me to-night, and so have you. Now I don't go to the Black Bull, and I give the money to Polly instead, and she lays it out better than I used to do. The only difference there is, she's given us Sunday's dinner on Saturday night. She always gives me a good feed on Sunday, God bless her!

'But, mates, it was a hard battle for me, and you didn't always make it easier. Time

and again I was almost ready to give it up and go back to the public. But now I don't mind your laugh. It doesn't hurt me a bit. Jesus Christ has helped me to stand, and, though I'm not as good a fellow as I might be, I'm doing the best I can.'

The men felt half-ashamed, and yet were eager to assure him of their esteem. 'Well, lads, never mind that,' continued he, 'but when you stand in the Black Bull, just remember that I'd rather have my Sunday beef, with Polly looking pleasantly on, than all the beer in the world.'

The men went home impressed. They had had an object lesson they never forgot. Jim Clifford went into his own place, and sat down, and, looking around, compared it with Fred Stevens' home. It was not his wife's fault; he had given her but little of his money, and she, poor soul, had done the best she could with it.

'Liz,' he said, turning to her, 'it's about time we turned over a new leaf, I think. I haven't been to the Black Bull to-night, and I'll go there no more if you'll try to make the home like Polly Stevens does for Fred. There's the rest of my wage for this week, at all events,' and he handed her over the money.

'Do you really mean it, Jim?' said poor Lizzie, the tears starting up in her eyes; 'then I'll do my best, indeed I will!'

That very night they went out together marketing, and the next day when he came down Jim thought his home had never looked so bright nor the dinner tasted so good as that day. To finish up they went to service in the evening.

It was a good beginning.—J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

'Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.'

The Story of the Hymn.

Very few hymns have had so striking an origin as this. Its author, the Reverend George Duffield, D.D., was a pastor in Philadelphia during the great revival of 1858, which centred about the Noonday Prayer Meetings in Jayne's Hall. The meetings were under the charge of the Young Men's Christian Association and some clergymen who had joined with them. Among these were Dudley A. Tyng, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, who was really the leader, and Dr. Duffield.

The two clergymen were warm friends, and Doctor Duffield thought Mr. Tyng 'the manliest, barvest man' he knew. One Sunday Mr. Tyng preached to a great throng of men assembled in Jayne's Hall, and it is thought that not less than a thousand were then and there converted to Christ. On the following Wednesday Mr. Tyng, leaving his study for a moment, 'went to the barn floor, where a mule was at work on a horse-power machine shelling corn. As he patted the animal on the neck, the sleeve of his silk study-gown caught in the cogs of the wheel, and his arm was torn out by the roots. His death occurred in a few hours.' When dying, he sent a message to his friends who had charge of the noon-day meeting: 'Tell them to stand up for Jesus!' adding, 'Now let us sing a hymn.'

With his feelings deeply stirred by his friend's tragic death, Doctor Duffield wrought the dying message into these verses, and used them as a concluding exhortation to the sermon he preached the following Sunday. The superintendent of his Sunday school, Mr. Benedict D. Stewart, had them printed in a fly leaf; they were copied by religious papers; they appeared in the Sabbath Hymn Book (Congregational) that same year, and in the Supplement to the 'Church Psalmist' (Presbyterian) in the next year. The hymn became a favorite of the soldiers during the Civil War and is now sung in churches and Sunday schools all over the land and in many foreign countries.

Doctor Duffield, to the end of his life, kept an ear of corn from that threshing floor hanging on the wall of his study in remembrance of Mr. Tyng. The hymn itself seems to echo his voice: 'Stand up for Jesus! Now let us sing a hymn.'—'Forward.'

Andrew Rykman's Prayer.

Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace;
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not,
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinded soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray.
Are we wiser, better grown,
That we may not in our day,
Make his prayer our own?
—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

The Robber Who Believed in Future Punishment.

'Here is a story a little old man in Chungwha, to the south of Peyng Yang, told the visiting missionary of his experience with robbers. One night four robbers suddenly entered his home and began to help themselves to the property in the house. By the coarse, rough language they used, they were evidently very wicked men. His little girl was terrified nearly to distraction, and the robbers, fearing that her loud cries would attract the attention of the neighbors, spoke to her very roughly, so that she dropped upon the floor and hid her face in her hands. As the robbers went on with their work, the thought occurred to the old man that the Bible says that you should pray for your enemies. As he knew of no one who was at the present time more of an enemy to him than these robbers, he sat down upon the floor and began fervently to pray for them aloud. However, as he prayed his eyes followed the robbers, and when they came to the shelf which contained his Christian books and began to take them down, it was too much for his feelings, and with tears in his eyes he pleaded with them to take everything in the house, if they must, but just to leave him his Christian books. Thereupon one robber started with surprise, and addressed to his companions the remark, 'Why, this man is a Christian! This will never do. It would be a great sin for us to rob a Christian man, and would bring upon us a fearful punishment in the future.' His companions apparently agreed with him. They returned all the old man's goods to the places where they had found them, reassured the little girl with a few kind words, and silently took their departure. The face of the old man as he told his story was wreathed in smiles, and it was evident that his experience of God's faithfulness in answering believing prayer had made a deep impression upon his heart.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

THIS WEEK'S LIST

of Subscribers Securing Our Daily Jubilee Award.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

THIS WEEK'S LIST.

The list of successful club raisers for last week, with the amount of subscriptions each sent in is as follows:—

Dec. 26, Tuesday, Wm. Gerrie, Ingersoll, Ont.. .. ..$	12.90
Dec. 27, Wednesday, Mrs. M. Lang, Ormstown, Que..	15.00
Dec. 28, Thursday, D. Murchison, Islay, Ont..	12.00
Dec. 29, Friday, W. H. Broadhurst, New Glasgow, Que..	10.65
Dec. 30, Saturday, Norman Van Vliet, Lacolle, Que..	14.00

Each of the above will receive one of those red letter illustrated Bibles Free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger,' or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week? The smallness of the amounts sent in should encourage others to go and do likewise or a little better.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Mrs. M. Welstead, Montrose, $10.00; Geo. Deller, Norwich, $5.00; Mrs. W. G. McDerrigle, Tatehurst, $2.00; S. T., Elva, Man., $1.00; S. A. Honor, Amherstrong, $5.00; Rose Urquhart, Mayerton, 10c.; J. F. Graham, Napierville, $1.00; Miss Emily Williams, Otter, 20c.; Mrs. T. P. Eckhardt, Unionville, $1.00; A Friend, Rockwood, $2.00; One Interested, Grafton, 50c.; Mary Wishart, Valleyfield, $2.50; total, $30.30.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon its Jan. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia NcNair Wright, by special arrangement with the National Temperance Society and Publication House, who hold the American Copyright.)

(Continued.)

''Bout thirty mile up,' responded Rasmus vaguely. 'Our house was carried off in the night, nice little two-story wooden house, with all my furniture in it. Didn't see nothing of it, did you?'

'We saw a roof, and a bedstead, and some people pulling in a bureau, about fifteen miles below,' said the clerk.

'She's broke up,' sighed Rasmus, 'as pretty a house as one would wish to live in! Well, I've got my fortin to make over again, that's all. Made it quick, and lost it quick.'

'Did you lose any of your folks?' inquired a passenger.

'No, we two are all the folks there was—but, I lost a boat—as tidy a craft! Didn't see nothing of her, I reckon? Lost her just about daybreak. I wouldn't have taken any money for her.'

The captain had not seen this crown-jewel of boats.

'Good luck to whomsoever gets her,' said Rasmus virtuously, deeply impressing the by-standers with his resignation.

The captain left his guests to themselves, and Rasmus smoothly asked Rod: 'How did them remarks please you, brother?'

'You said it was your house and furniture,' replied Rod, in disgust.

'Well, brother, I puts it to you. Didn't you say to me, "Take 'em all—I don't care?" Wasn't them words of yours being owner, a making over all that property to me for owner, so they was mine on the spot, hammer down?'

'But you said you had a boat—lost a boat,' said Rod, shifting his accusation.

'Brother, what's a boat? I asks you as a two-legged dictionary.'

'A boat,' said Rod, 'well, a boat is a craft, a water craft, an open vessel, a thing to go on water.'

'There, now! Wasn't what I had the very moral of a boat? Wasn't it an open vessel? A thing going on water, and going proper well, too? Wasn't it the moral of a sailing craft—strong, trim, convenient? Oh, I vow, there's some folks so scrup'lous that they'll say things what ain't so, for the sake of showing up other folks wrong. But I'm not quarrelling with you, brother.'

Presently the captain came back.

'What are you going to do, now; all your things are lost?'

'We are going to New York, to our relations,' said Rasmus. 'We meant to go about this time, anyway. We was meaning to sell out. The boy is a smart boy, and he has to be put to school. He's going to be college ed-dictated if I'm not,' added Rasmus, with aplomb.

'I will carry you as far as Pittsburg,' said the captain. He felt sorry for their losses, and then Rod was a pretty boy, while there was an irresistible good-nature in the rubicund countenance of Rasmus, a buoyancy in his loud, ready talk, that would beguile into a kindly act a far less generous and hospitable being than a Western steamboat captain. Rasmus accepted the captain's proffer as readily as he had accepted Rod's gift of all that was his; but he did not feel quite at home among what he called the 'high-fliers on the top deck'; so, taking Rod by the elbow, he went below. Rod sat on a coil of rope, his head on his hands, vaguely watching the yellow current and the devastated shores, under the laughing April sky. Whether he thought of the scene, or of his own fortunes, the tramp could not tell. While the boy watched the water, Rasmus watched the boy. He was greatly taken with him. Whether it was his floating light hair, or his clear gray eyes, or his innocent fourteen years, or his aloneness, or the softness of one side of his own nature, the heart of Rasmus clave to this salvage which he had made on the turbid Ohio. He was a social being, but the comrades who were naturally offered him in his roving life were not to his taste. He could imagine nothing more enchanting than to ramble on, over a summer world, with this young comrade. But after all summers, winters fall, and in winters are required shelter and means of support. The boy offered an objective point for the tramp's life; he could wander through the summer with him, and when the autumn frosts came, with prophecies of winter, he and the boy could drop with the autumn fruits into the hands of the rich uncle, and Rasmus could make much of his exploits in rescuing the boy from drowning, bringing him safe along the dangers of the way—and what then could the rich uncle do but reward him bountifully?

'If he is half a man,' said Rasmus, 'he'll give me as much as a hundred dollars. It's worth a hundred to resky a boy like that. I've heard that Vanderbilt, and some of them rich fellows, don't make more of a hundred dollars than I do of a cent.'

After a while, Rodney turned his head.

'How am I to get to New York? Will five dollars buy my ticket? That is all I have.'

'I reckon it would take as much as three fives to buy it.'

'And I've nothing to sell, except the watch.'

'But, pardner, you don't want a ticket. There's nothing more risky than riding on the cars. There's sure to be accidents. What does any one want of tickets, when they've got legs? I've walked between here and New York dozens of times. That's no great of a walk.'

'Why, how long would it take?'

Rasmus eyed his interlocutor carefully, calculating how far he might venture to deceive him.

'Two weeks or so,' he suggested. 'From here to Harrisburg—from there to Allentown—then over to Jersey City—and across the ferry to New York. Easy as wink.'

'You're good in geography,' said Rodney.

'What's that agin? I'm talkin' about what I know. I've been over it. There don't need no geography to tell me. I've legged it.'

'But the nights, and the meals, and the bad weather, and the long, long way,' suggested Rodney.

'That five dollars is oceans for the lodgings and grub, and I've got hundreds of friends all along the road, and there isn't any bad weather, and one never gets tired along the road,' asserted Rasmus boldly. He sat on the coil of rope beside Rodney, and went on with enthusiasm. 'Tired! You couldn't get tired. You find yourself more every day. Oh, that's living along the roads, and no mistake. The roadsides is so soft and springy, it's like walking on Injy-rubber; every breath you swallow tastes clean and good; there's sun, if you feel chilly, and shade if you get too warm; and beds of pine needles, or dry leaves, or hay, to lie on, if you feel tired, and each one smells sweeter than t'other; and the woods are full of birds. I could tell you all their names and calls, from a crow to a chippy; and every day has new flowers; and you can tell the time by the sun, and by the opening and shutting of the flowers ;and the lay o' the land by the bark on the trees, and the moss on the fences. Why, I can't see a colt, or a cow, or a sheep in a field, or horses leaning their heads over a rail fence, but I want to stop and make friends with 'em! Many is the time I thought if I had only found my Robin, how happy I would have been, roamin' all over the country with him. But then, if I had found him, I wouldn't have roamed.'

'Who was your Robin?'

'He was my little brother.' The tramp gave a great sigh, and Rodney began to feel sympathetic.

'I don't mind telling you,' said Rasmus. 'When I looked in your window, and see your yellow hair lying over your pillow, my heart gave a great lift, and I says, "Have I got him, now?" For just so, his yellow hair used to lay, poor little chap, and I've looked for him up and down the world, for ten long years.'

Was this the rollicking Rasmus? His voice had fallen from its hearty shout, and his jolly moon of a face had darkened, as when clouds drift across the bright night sky, and his twinkling eyes were full of gloom.

A colored waiter came up with two mugs of coffee.

'Here's suffin the stewa'd sent you, and ef you'd like stronger, you kin get treated at the bar.'

'It wouldn't be healthy for us at the bar,' said Rasmus nonchalantly, taking the coffee with a profound bow. 'Make my respects to the steward.'

'Jes as you like, sah; but ef I gets asked to the bar, I don't wait for two askin's. Keep you from gettin' col' after being out over the water so long, to have a mint julep or a toddy hot.'

'I've lost too much along of julep an' toddy,' said Rasmus.

'Ef you've los' more by them than you has by water, you has been powerful onlucky,' said the negro.

'I lost more valyable things,' said Rasmus, sedately. 'A house can be built, and a boat can be bought, and so can furniture, and good clothes; but along of bars I lost what can't be had back.'

'As what, sah?' said the waiter, with interest, while Rodney and Rasmus took mouthfuls of coffee.

'I lost, first place, a little, blue-eyed slater—pretty as you make 'em,' said Rasmus, gloomily.

'That was a loss, sah; overdose of gin, now, for colic?

'Skull cracked by a fall—let drop,' said Rasmus.

The negro shook his woolly pate. 'Mighty pity, sah!'

'And a father. He had in him the makings of a very good dad—big, strong, jolly; but he took to drink, and so good-bye any use of him; and finally killed he was.'

'You've been blamed onlucky,' said the waiter.

'And a mother,' said Rasmus, continuing his enumeration of losses. 'A good one she was, but so worn down and distracted, and broke up, by what whiskey did for her family, an' she died heart-broke.'

'There's a raft of women goes that way,' said the negro, 'white women 'specially. They're kind of tender like.'

'And a brother,' said Rasmus, finishing his coffee, in a very gloomy frame of mind. 'As handsome, sweet-natured, bright a little chap—him I lost too, all on the same account; and here I am alone in the world—me and the boy,' he added hastily correcting himself.

The negro took the empty mugs. 'There's a state-room for you, and if you'll come I'll show it to you.'

'I'll eat my head,' said Rasmus, when escorted to his room, 'if here isn't a flowered carpet, and lace curtains, and a looking-glass with gilt all round, and up here among the quality! The cap'n's been doing right handsome by us. Now, brother, you can have the first-story bed, and I'll have the second-story, the first-story being best.'

Rodney saw nothing strange in the surrender of the best to himself. Mr. Andrews had been neither kind nor cross to him. He had lived apart from other people, and knew lit-

tle more of the world and many of its selfish ways than he did of the planet Mars.

The clerk of the steamer had given, as Rasmus said, his guests a 'room among the quality.' Rodney was evidently a refined, gentle boy. Rasmus, in the best suit of the late Andrews, albeit the suit was rather bizarre in taste, looked the well-to-do mechanic, and the tale of the loss of a good house and boat, had stamped the pair as comfortable people, tasting a sudden come-down in the world. Rodney seated himself on the side of the lower berth, and Rasmus established himself on a high stool. Said Rasmus: 'This is most as good as walking, so early in the season. But I tell you, pardner, a few such suns as we have today will bring out everything in a hurry. Spring will come booming along as lively as this rampageous river.'

But the mind of Rodney was so intent on what he had heard. He had read the title-page of some romance or tragedy of real life, and he wanted the rest of it. 'How did you come to lose your brother?' he demanded.

'I don't mind telling you, pardner,' said Rasmus. 'First place as ever I lived was New York City, and a beastly place it was, way down among the slums, with dirt and smells enough to make a dog sick. We lived—or starved—down there, 'cause my dad found he had to pour all he earned down his throat in the shape of whiskey. A mason's tender, dad was—he might have been a mason hisself, or even a master mason, for he was smart enough, as you could easy tell by me—but along of whiskey, tender he was, and not promoted higher. All he got of wages he used in getting drunk, of course. I never met a man yet but myself that didn't get drunk.'

Rod thought fit to challenge so sweeping an assertion: 'Mr. Andrews didn't—'

'I said, I met, brother. I never met him.'

'Nor yourself. Did you ever meet yourself?'

'You've got me there, pardner,' laughed Rasmus.

'And minister's don't get drunk,' said Rodney.

(To be continued.)

Contentment.

(Helen M. Richardson, in the 'Homestead.')

'I'll be an apple,' said a seed, 'and hang upon a tree,
It's better far to be up high where every one can see.'
Then down again it sank into the ground away from human view,
And from that little hidden seed an apple tree there grew.
Fed by the sunshine and the rain its branches wide outspread;
Some blossoms came—as time went on—some apples round and red.
'My family has grown too large,' the apple tree complained,
Then shook her arms till on the tree but one alone remained.
This little apple whispered low, 'I'd rather be a seed;
To hang here all alone, to me is very tame indeed.'
The world is full of those who strive high places to achieve
Who when they've come to that estate see only cause to grieve.
The one who longs to be admired finds, when alas! too late,
The lowly born has joys that oft come never to the great.
To fill one's place and be content yields happiness untold;
Contented spirits at their feet oft find their pot of gold.

Waiting on the Bank.

'When I was a little fellow I was a trifle inclined to hold back, and wait to be coaxed,' said Uncle Ben. 'I remember sitting beside the brook, one day, while the other children were building a dam. They were wading, carrying stones, splashing the mud, and shouting orders, but none of them paying any attention to me. I began to feel abused and lonely, and was blubbering over my neglected condition, when Aunt Nancy came down the road.

'"What's the matter, sonny? Why ain't you playin' with the rest?"

'"They don't want me," I said, digging my fists into my eyes. "They never ask me to come."

'I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and push.

'"Is that all, you little ninny? Nobody wants folks that'll sit round on a bank, and wait to be asked!" she cried. "Run along in with the rest, and make yourself wanted."

'That shake and push did the work. Before I had time to recover from my indignant surprise, I was in the middle of the stream, and soon as busy as the others.

'I often feel that I'd like to try the same plan on some of the strangers who come into our churches. Some make friends at once. They go into the prayer-meeting, the mission circle, the Sunday school—wherever there is work—and they are at home at once. But there are many others who wait to be noticed, and invited here and there; they complain of coldness and lack of attention, and, maybe, decide that their coming is not desired. They need Aunt Nancy's advice: "Stop sitting round on the bank, and go in and make yourself wanted."'—Selected.

Two Pictures From Life.

I.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud-house in Peking, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby.

'It is almost time,' said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked, 'My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead yet.'

'But it has only one mouthful of breath left,' said the old woman; 'the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you.'

The mother dared not resist and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart, drawn by a black cow, passed slowly down the street, the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flower will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails, 'My baby is lost; my baby is lost; I can never find him again.'

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

II.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillow of its dainty crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission, 'Baby is dying.'

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

'Our baby is going home,' said the mother, and though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

'We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for his own, said the father, reverently, and he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly,

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

'Let us pray,' said a low voice. We knelt together, and heaven came so near we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear their songs of 'welcome.'

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Peking, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes, and laid her lovingly in her last resting place. We decked the room with flowers, and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery.

With a song of hope, and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the sacred spot where we laid her, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited and often tended with loving care.

'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,' says the baby's father; while the baby's mother answers, 'Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again some glad day.'

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.—'Gospel in All Lands.'

To love is better than to be great, it is better than to be refined, it is better than to be wise. Love takes precedence of all prophecy, of every kind of knowledge, and of the gift of tongues; love is higher than hope or faith, and is the very loyalty of God.—Selected.

A Gold Medal.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A——. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

'I suppose, Watson,' said Jackson, another boy, one day—'I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?'

'Why not?' asked Watson.

'Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all.'

The boys laughed—and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: 'Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk.'

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

'Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries but stayed to render service.

'This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture was now helpless with bruises. "Never mind, good woman," said the boy; "I will drive the cow."

'But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothe-

cary. "I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with," said he, "but I can do without them for a while." "Oh, no," said the old woman, "I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these we should get on nicely." The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

'Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial were discovered by his teacher.

'And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you —was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule you must not be afraid of praise'

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—The 'Children's Own.'

Do the Hard Things First.

Suspended above the desk in a Pittsburg bank president's office is this motto: 'Do the hard things first.' Ten years ago he was discount clerk in the same bank.

'How did you climb so fast?' I asked.

'I lived up to that text,' he replied.

'There is not much else to tell. I had long been conscious that I was not getting on as fast as I should. I was not keeping up with my work; it was distasteful to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of work to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There were always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties as long as possible. Result: I became intellectually lazy. I felt increasing incapability for my work. One morning I woke up I took stock of myself to find out the trouble. Memoranda of several matters that had long needed attention stared at me from my calendar.

'Suddenly the thought came to me, "I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks, the mean, annoying little things, my mental muscles have been allowed to grow flabby. They must get some exercise." I threw off my coat and proceeded to "clean house." It wasn't half as hard as I expected. Then I took a card and wrote on it, "Do the hard things first," and put it where I could see it every morning. I've been doing the hard things first ever since.'—Brooklyn 'Central.'

A Modern William the Conqueror.

'I hate this old grammar!' The book was really quite new and respectable. The Latin language of which it treated was old enough to be called one of the 'dead languages,' perhaps, but the very newest methods of study were in the book that the young student called 'old.' I wonder why young folks call things 'old' when they wish to be particularly spiteful? I never could imagine or find out.

The boy that hated the 'old grammar' had so little regard for the new book that he threw it down in a sort of rage because the lesson was so hard, and he did not feel like studying.

Presently a young brother came in with a ball that did not belong to him, but which he had taken quite innocently, feeling that he was surely welcome to it. The young student in the library pounced at once upon his property, snatching it rudely with unkind words from his little brother, who was angry in turn, and struck out with his fist in a savage manner. Father, in a hidden alcove, thought it time to interfere now, and said some grave words which made the older boy feel sorry and ashamed. He did not mean to allow his fiery temper to get the better of him, but he was so 'quick,' he said. What he meant was, 'quick to be angry—to let go all control.

In the evening the study was history. The young student liked that. He never spoke about 'that old history.' The topic of the coming lesson had to do with William the Conqueror. 'I tell you, he was grand!' exclaimed the young student. 'I like him no end.'

'It is a pity not to have a successor of that king here and now,' said his father, significantly. 'I know a William not far away who has about as much to conquer, according to his position, as the old king, if he only chooses to "rule his own spirit."'

'It would be harder for this William,' said the boy, coloring.

'Hard things are not impossible, if they are right. It is a pity to have all the conquerors belong to past history when we need them now.'—'Boys and Girls.'

The Ideal Guest.

Under the head of the Ideal Guest Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper, the former president of the Brooklyn Woman's Club, recently, at a woman's conference, gave an inimitable account of a certain house party of college boys and girls at a house of her acquaintance.

'At a certain beautiful country home,' she said, 'there were nine young people in the house, five boys and four girls, two of the girls and one of the boys being children of the house. All the girls were Radcliffe girls, and all the boys college boys except one, who was in business in New York. The son of the house had invited the boys, in an offhand way, under the impression that they were to come successively. As it happened, they all turned up at the same time, and an excellent opportunity was afforded to study the college boy on his travels.

'The first one, a Cornell student, arrived without a word of warning. The son had driven to the village, some miles distant, for the mail. At the office he found a postal card, without date or signature, saying, "Will be in on the 6.15 train." He didn't know which of his friends it was, but he surmised that someone was to be met at that train. So he waited and met him. Meanwhile supper waited for him at home. Everybody got hungry, and the maids were very much inconvenienced, but, expecting him every moment, they put off the meal. When the two boys finally drove in, the guest was shown to his room, and a gentle hint was given him that it was very late—the supper had already waited nearly an hour—and that they would be very glad if he would come as quickly as possible.

He did not come down for an unconscionably long time—not, in fact, until every one in the house were nearly starved, and the maids were in that state of mind dreaded by every housewife. Afterward it was found that Cornell had brought twenty photographs of one young women with him, and that he had been employing the time in arranging them to his satisfaction.

'The Yale boy arrived in exactly the same fashion. The son drove to town another evening, did not return, and the father said: "We'd better eat on time; probably he will bring back another boy with him.' He spoke in joke, but it proved the exact truth. Yale had also sent a postcard to announce his arrival by the 6.15 train. When he came in he had nothing with him. His trunk was lost, and he had to dress for his first appearance in the son's clothes. He stopped to make an elaborate toilet, which also made his first meal in the house very late, and caused more righteous indignation in the bosoms of the maids.

'When his trunk finally arrived he went to the lady of the house and asked if he could get some washing done. He was "strapped," he said—so much in need of clean clothes that he could not wait for the laundry.

'He was entirely unconscious that his tennis suit was of fine white flannel, over which any ordinary laundress would come to grief, and that the mistress of the house washed it herself. So unconscious was he of what he had asked that he came back in two hours to ask if it were ready for him. And yet he was one of the sweetest, politest boys in the world—one of the kind that would never sit down when a woman was standing. But when it came to anything practical he seemed to have no conception of the trouble he was giving. And yet he had been in Yale College two years.

'Now the third man arrived upon the scene —the young fellow who had been for two or three years in New York. But before he came arrived a letter. The letter stated that his vacation had been granted him unexpectedly, and that he would take advantage of his invitation now, if it were perfectly convenient to the mistress of the house. He enclosed 25 cents for a telegram, and said that he would not start unless he received a message stating that it was convenient to have him at this time.

'The telegram was sent, he was expected, and no trouble was caused by his arrival. He was ready for supper five minutes after he got inside the house. He had all his impediments in hand, not a garment had to be borrowed or washed.

'The rooms of these three men throughout the visit presented an instructive contrast. Yale never hung up anything, even upon a chair. The floor was good enough for him, upon any and all occasions. It was physically impossible to keep his room in order. Half an hour after it was arranged it was again a scene of frightful disorder. As for Cornell, there was one shade less disorder in his room, that was all. But as for the business boy, the only signs that his room had been occupied were the unavoidable ones of the bed and the washstand. Not a garment of his had to be picked up during his stay.

'The Yale boy's departure was as interesting as his arrival. He set the date three times, and each time postponed it because of fresh invitations for social functions. Of course he was welcome to stay. He was an old friend of the family, every one liked him, means were ample. But an expected departure, put off three times, is bound to inconvenience household arrangements. The night before he left the young people came home at 12 o'clock from a party. At that hour of the night his trunk was brought in from the barn, and he began to pack for his departure the next morning. The first thing he discovered was that he had lost his keys. They were not to be found, so all the dress suit cases of the family were pressed into service and packed with his clothes. When he finally drove off next morning, accompanied by an empty trunk, the family suit cases and his bunch of gold sticks, he managed to forget his umbrella, so that the only thing he brought with him he left behind.

'And,' said Mrs. Hooper, 'although he was a delightful, popular boy, whom no one could help liking, the household heaved a sigh of relief when he was really gone.

'Cornell got away in much the same manner, though with a shade more dignity. The three visiting girls announced that, not to follow the example of their Yale friend, they were going to pack. So they packed industriously all one afternoon; and yet for days after shoes, fans, portions of bathing suits and so on kept turning up to remind the family of the departed ones.

'But no one knew when the young business man packed. He departed at the moment when he said he would; he left nothing behind him. He was the idead guest. Perhaps he was not born. Perhaps he was only made by a few years in the big world of business. At any rate his visit was pronounced as an unalloyed pleasure, with no deprecatory "ifs" or "buts."

'And yet I do think that reasonable latitude should be given guests. When a too rigid conformance to the rules of the household is demanded a visit is apt to assume the aspect of a sojourn in prison. I had an aunt once upon a time who was so particular that every one should come down to meals the moment the bell rang that I always went to sleep in terror that I would not wake in time for breakfast. The moral responsibility of being at meals on time weighed heavily on that household; and although she was the soul of hospitality, and loved to entertain, visits to her house came to be dreaded.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Christmas Stocking.

By Elizabeth Wetherell, (author of 'The Wide, Wide World.')

(Continued)

'She had hardly turned her back to see to something at the fire, when there he was behind her, standing in the middle of the floor; in no Sunday dress, but in his everyday rags, and those wet through and dripping. How glad and how sorry both mother and daughter looked! They brought him to the fire and wiped his feet, and wrung the water from his clothes as well as they could, but they didn't know what to do; for the fire would not have dried him all the day; and sit down to breakfast dry with him soaking wet at her side, Mrs. Meadow could not. What to put on him was the trouble; she had no children's clothes at all in the house. But she managed. She stripped off his rags and tacked two or three

towels about him, and then over them wound a large old shawl, in some mysterious way, fastening it over his shoulders, in such a manner that if fell round him like a loose straight frock, leaving his arms quite free. Then, when his jacket and trousers had been put to dry, they sat down to breakfast.

'After breakfast, Mrs. Meadow left Silky to take care of the things; and, drawing her chair up on the hearth, she took the little boy on her lap and wound her arms about him.

'"Little Norman," said she kindly, "you won't see Long Ears to-day."

'"No," said Norman,. with a sigh, in spite of breakfast and fire; "he will have to go without me.'

'"Isn't it good that there is one day in the week when the poor little tired pin-boy can rest?"

'"Yes—it is good," said Norman quietly, but as if he was too accustomed to being tired to take the good of it.

'"Can you read the Bible, Norman?"

'"No, I can't read," said Norman. "Mother can."

'"You know the Bible is God's book, written to tell us how to be good, and whatever the Bible says we should mind. Now, the Bible says, "Thou shalt not steal." Do you know what that means?"

'"Yes," said Norman, swinging one little foot back and forward in the warm shine of the fire; "I've heard it."

'"It is to take what does not belong to us. Now, since God has said that, is it quite right for you to take that money of your mother's to buy milk for Long Ears?"

'"It isn't her money," said Norman, his face changing; and Long Ears can't starve!'

'"It is her money, Norman; all the money you earn belongs to her, or to your father, which is the same thing. You know it does."

'"But Curly must have something to eat," said Norman, bursting into tears.

'"Hush, dear. Do you know who Jesus Christ is?" asked Mrs. Meadow's kind voice, and her kind hand on his head.

'"No."

'"Poor little thing!" said Silky, and the tears fell from her face as she went from the fire to the table. Norman looked at her, and so did her mother, and then they looked at each other.

'"Jesus Christ is your best friend, little Norman.'

'"It's all told about in God's book, dear. Little Norman Finch, like everybody else, hasn't loved God, nor minded His commandments as he ought to do; and God would have punished us all, if Jesus Christ hadn't come down from heaven on purpose to take our punishment on Himself, so that we might be saved."

'"What did He do that for?" said Norman.

'"Because He is so good. He loved us, and wanted to save us and bring us back to be His children, and to be good and happy."

'"Does He love me?" said Norman.

'"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Meadow. "Do you think He came to die for you and doesn't love you? If you will love and obey Him, He will love you for ever, and take care of you; better care than any one else can."

'"There isn't anybody else to take care of me," said Norman. "Mother can't, and father don't much. I wish I knew about that."

'With a look of wonder and interest at her daughter, Mrs. Meadow reached after her Bible, without letting Norman down from her lap; and turning from place to place, read to him the story of Christ's death, and various parts of His life and teaching. He listened, gravely and constantly and intently, and seemed not to weary of it at all, till she was tired and obliged to stop. He made no remark then, but sat a little while with a sober face; till his old fatigue of days past came over him, and his eyelids drooped, and slipping from Mrs. Meadow's lap, he laid himself down on the hearth to sleep. They put something under his head and sat watching him, the eyes of both every now and then running over.

'When the little sleeper awoke, they bent all their attention to giving him a pleasant day. He had a good dinner and nice supper. His clothes were thoroughly dried; and Mrs. Meadow said when she put them on, that if she could only get a chance of a week-day, she would patch them up comfortably for him.

Towards nightfall the rain stopped, and he went home dry and warm, and with a good piece of cheese and a loaf of plain gingerbread under his arm. When he was all ready to set out he paused at the door, and looking up at Mrs. Meadows, said:

'"Does He say we mustn't steal?"

'"Yes, to be sure. The Bible says it, and the Bible is God's Word; and Jesus said it over again when He was on earth."

'Norman stood a quarter of a minute, and then went out and closed the door.

'The next morning they looked eagerly for him. But he did not come. He stopped at evening, as usual, but Silky was busy and did not speak to him beyond a word. Tuesday morning he did not come. At night he was there again with his jug.

'"How do you do, Norman?' said Mrs. Meadow, when she filled it, "and how is Long Ears?"

'But Norman did not answer, and turned to go.

'"Come here in the morning, Norman," Mrs. Meadow called after him.

'Whether he heard her or not, he did not show himself on his way to the factory next morning. That was Wednesday.

'"Norman hasn't been here these three days, mother," said Silky. "Can it be he has made up his mind to do without his half-penny-worth of milk for the dog?"

'"Little fellow!" said Mrs. Meadow, "I meant to have given it to him; skim milk would do, I dare say; but I forgot to tell him Sunday; and I told him last night to stop, but he hasn't done it. We'll go up to the factory, Silky, and see how he is, after dinner."

'After dinner they went, and I went in Silky's pocket. Mrs. Meadow asked for Mr. Swift, and presently he came.

'"Is little Norman Finch at work to-day, Mr. Swift?"

'"Norman Finch? well yes, ma'am, he's to work," said the overseer; "he don't do much work this day or so. He hasn't hard work neither; but he's a poor little billet of a boy."

'"Is he a good boy, sir?"

'"I don't know any harm of him," said Mr. Swift. "He's about like the common. Not particularly strong in the head, nor anywhere else, for that matter; but he is a good-feeling child. Yes—now I remember. It's as much as a year ago, that I was mad with him one day, and was going to give the careless little rascal a strapping for something, and a bold brave fellow in the same room, about twice as big and six times as strong as Norman, offered to take it and spare him. I didn't care; it answered my purpose of keeping order just as well as that Bill Bollings should have it as Norman Finch, if he had a mind; and ever since that time Finch has been ready to lay down his body and soul for Bollings, if it could do him any service. He's a good-hearted boy, I do suppose."

'"What a noble boy, the other one!" said Mrs. Meadow.

'"Ha! well—that was noble enough," said Mr. Swift; "but he's a kind of harum-scarum fellow—just as likely to get himself into a scrape to-morrow as to get somebody else out of one to-day."

'"That was noble," repeated Mrs. Meadow.

'"Norman has never forgotten it. As I said, he'd lay down body and soul for him. There's a little pet dog he has, too," Mr. Swift went on, "that I believe he'd do as much for.

A pretty creature! I would have bought it of him, and given a good price for it, but he seemed frightened at the proposal. I believe he keeps the creature here partly for fear he would lose him home."

'"May we go in, sir, and see Norman for a moment?"

'"Certainly," Mr. Swift said; and himself led the way.

'Through several long rooms and rows of workers went Mr. Swift, and Mrs. Meadow and Silky went after him, to the one where they found little Norman. He was standing before some sort of a machine, folding papers and pressing them against rows of pins, that were held all in order, and with their points ready, by two pieces of iron in the machine. Norman was not working smartly, and looked already jaded, though it was early in the afternoon. Close at his feet, almost touching him, lay the little white dog. A very little and most beautiful creature. Soft, white, curling hair, and large silky ears that drooped to the floor, as he lay with his head upon his paws, and two gentle brown eyes looked almost pitifully up at the strangers. He did not get up; nor did Norman look round, till Mrs. Meadow spoke to him.

'When he heard Mrs. Meadow's soft, "Norman, how do you do?" his fingers fell from the row of pin points, and he turned towards her, looking a good deal surprised and a little pleased, but with a very sober face.

'"How comes it you haven't been for Long Ears' milk these days?"

'"I—I couldn't," said Norman. "I hadn't any money. I gave it to mother." He spoke low and with some difficulty.

'"And what has Long Ears done, dear, without his milk?"

'Norman was silent, and his mouth twitched. Mrs. Meadow looked at the little dog, which lay still where he had been when she came in, his gentle eyes having, she thought, a curious sort of wistfulness in their note-taking.

'"I've brought him some milk," whispered Silky; and, softly stooping down, she uncovered her little tin pail and tried to coax the dog to come to it. But Norman no sooner caught the words of her whisper and saw the pail, than his spirit gave way; he burst into a bitter fit of crying, and threw himself down on the floor and hid his face.

'"Oh, well,' said Mr. Swift—"but he mustn't make such a disturbance about it—it's against all order; and feeding the dog, too!—but it's a pretty creature. He's hungry, he is! Well; it's well we don't have ladies come to the factory every day."

(To be continued.)

The Toys That Moved Away.

(Alix Thorn, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Now,' said Marietta, 'let's go upstairs to the play room, Helen, and see my doll's things.'

'Oh, yes,' chimed in the little guest, joyfully, 'let's.' And the small girls ascended the steep stairs rather slowly, and holding on tightly to the bannisters, for Marietta was six and Helen only five years old.

But what fond little mother would not gladly climb many stairs to be so rewarded when she reached the top. In the corner of the play room, by the broad chimney, stood a spacious tin kitchen, where stood enough kettles and pans to cook a fine dinner for all the dolls in the neighborhood. Just opposite was a white bedstead, occupied this afternoon in great comfort by two doll babies, one black and one white, still wearing their long night gowns. In a wicker chair near by sat a rag doll, so large that she was dressed in a little white frock worn by Marietta herself, while in the middle stood a doll's bureau made of dark mahogany, and each drawer had shining glass knobs. It stood on quaint little claw feet.

'My grandma used to play with this,' explained the young hostess, 'and it came from England. See how many clothes I can put in it, Helen.'

The small guest listened and watched with round, wondering eyes, and at last she spoke in a very soft little voice:

'I guess, Marietta, you're a happy girl.'

'I 'spose so,' answered Marietta, cheerfully, 'my bestest doll is shut up in that chest of drawers, but it isn't any fun to play with her, 'cause I'm afraid we'd muss her party dress.'

'I'd rather hold this one,' said Helen, lifting the smiling rag doll to her lap. She shook down the lace trimmed petticoats in motherly fashion, and rocked slowly to and fro; how delightfully full her arms were.

The dancing flames in the fire-place shone on the glass knobs of the little bureau, turning them to red and gold.

'I wish,' said Helen, wistfully; 'I wish, Marietta, that my grandma would give me a bureau, but,' she hastened to add, 'my grandma loves me, she does, and of course my dolls' trunk is pretty nice.'

Helen was spending the day with the minister's small daughter while her mother and many other mothers beside, sewed in the parlor at the parsonage, making warm coats and skirts for poor little girls who would need them in the cold winter coming.

The children played on happily till a rattle of wheels sounded in the yard below, and it was her father coming to take Helen and her mother home, for they lived two miles above the village.

The months passed, and Helen played with her large family of dolls, or rode on her little sled up and down the hills near the house. Through the frosty air sounded the music of many sleigh bells. Then the warm sun melted the ice and snow, and brave little crocuses came pushing up their blue and yellow cups.

One April day her mother said: 'Helen, we are going to move into the village next week; we have rented the parsonage; the new minister is to board this year. Now you will be near the school and see your little friends more often. That will be jolly, girlie.'

The little girl was sent on a visit to Aunt Mabel till the new home should be all in order, but a certain morning her father called for her, and carried a very happy Helen away with him. Down the wide village street they drove, and, oh, the queerness of it, stopped before the parsonage door. On the piazza stood mamma, herself waiting to welcome her.

Helen scampered in, and with fast beating heart reached what had once been Marietta's play room. Where, oh where, were the playthings she had seen there on her last visit? Gone was the tin kitchen, gone the rag doll; gone the bureau, with its glass knobs, not even the doll's bedstead left. She buried her face in both chubby hands and burst into tears.

'Why, Helen,' cried her mother, 'what is the matter?' and grandma hurried in to learn the cause of the trouble.

'The playthings,' sobbed Helen; 'Marietta's taken them away, all away, mamma, and I thought I'd find them here 'cause this is our house now.'

Mother's eyes smiled, but she comforted her little daughter and explained that Marietta owned her toys and would have felt sad enough to have left them behind.

'We will put your own playthings where Marietta's stood and you can have just as happy times with them.'

Helen looked very sober, but at last she said: 'Mamma, I'm going to write a letter to Santa Claus, all about a little bureau with shiney knobs. He always seems to know what I want, so I wan't have to 'splain to him. Do you think he'll remember next Christmas, mamma?'

'I'm sure he will,' said mamma, and he did.

The Nail.

A tradesman had once transacted a good day's business at a fair, disposed of all his goods, and filled his purse with gold and silver. He prepared afterwards to return, in order to reach home before the evening. So he strapped his portmanteau, with the money in it, upon his horse's back, and rode off. At noon he halted in a small town, and as he was about to set out again, the stable boy who brought his horse said to him, 'Sir, a nail is wanting in the shoe on the left hind foot of your animal.'

'Let it be wanting,' replied the tradesman; 'I am in a hurry, and the iron will doubtless hold the six hours I have yet to travel.'

Late in the afternoon he had to dismount again, and feed his horse, and at this place also the Boy came and told him that a nail was wanting in one of the shoes, and asked him whether he should take the horse to a farrier. 'No, no, let it be!' replied the Master; 'it will last out the couple of hours that I have now to travel; I am in haste.'

So saying he rode off; but his horse soon began to limp, and from limping it came to stumbling, and presently the beast fell down and broke its leg. Thereupon the tradesman had to leave his horse lying on the road, to unbuckle the portmanteau, and to walk home with it upon his shoulder, where he arrived at last late at night.

'And all this misfortune,' said he to himself, 'is owing to the want of a nail. More haste the less speed!'—Grimm Brothers.

Who Was Cinderella?

Cinderella's real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden who lived 670 years before the Christian era, and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt.

One day she ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.

The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it.

As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammeticus.—Selected.

On an English Roadside.

On one of the most travelled roads leading to London, at the foot of a hill is hung this sign:—

'HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER.'

'Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not,
In the stable forget me not,
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not,
With sponge and brush neglect me not,
Of soft, dry bed, deprive me not,
When sick or cold chill me not,
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And, when angry, strike me not.'

To which should be added:—
With tight check rein, check me not.
And do not cover my eyes with blinders.

The petition is one worthy to be heard in this country as well.

The Flower of God.

The flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God; and the rose said: 'I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers.' And the crocus said: 'No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed.' And the lily of the valley said modestly: 'I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God.' And the trailing arbutus said: 'Before any of you came forth I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?' And all the flowers cried out, 'No, you are no flower at all; you are a come-outer.' And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: 'Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's sweet spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod and blooms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know they are all God's flowers?' All they that take this life of God, and, answering it, come forth from worldliness and darkness and selfishness to give out light and fragrance and love, they are God's flowers. There is not one of us who cannot bring something of this to our fellow men; no matter how arid your life is, it is possible for you to be the giver of life to your neighbor.—Lyman Abbott.

HOME AGAIN!

The Runaway.

A tiny chick, a fluffy thing,
One day crept from his mother's wing:
"This life is much too dull for me;
I mean to see the world,' said he.

So out he strutted, bold and brave,
And many clucks of joy he gave;
But no concern he showed at all
To hear his mother's anxious call!

'No, no; I won't come back,' he said,
And shook his little yellow head;
And on he went, so very fast
That he was out of sight at last.

He stopped to think: 'I wonder why
There's such a lot of earth and sky;'
Then gave an awful shriek of fear
To see the sheep-dog standing near.

'Bow-wow,' the doggy merely said,
And how that little chicky fled!
He didn't run, he simply tore,
To try to reach his home once more.

He never paused, he never stopped
Till at his mother's side he dropped,
A panting, gasping, frightened thing,
And scrambled underneath her wing!

Then, nestling closely to her side:
'Oh! mother, mother dear,' he cried,
With sighs of grief and sobs of pain,
'I'll never run away again!'

—Constance M. Lowe, in 'Our Little Dots.'

The Imprisonment of Winifred Mary.

(By Hannah G. Fernald, in 'The Congregationalist and Christian World.')

'Winifred Mary is m'sin !' announced Sylvia, as she cast a practiced eye over her assembled dolls.

Sylvia's Uncle Joe put down his newspaper and looked at her with amused interest.

'Hadn't you better call the roll?' he suggested, and Sylvia, in some anxiety, began her arrangements for this nightly ceremony. She arranged the dolls in an orderly line, and then said enquiringly, 'Arabella?'

Arabella, a tall, flaxen-haired doll, arose, assisted by Sylvia, and responded in a small, high voice, 'Present!'

'Belinda?'

Belinda was present also; so were Isabel, Susie and Carlotta. There was a painful silence after the calling of Winifred Mary's name; Winifred Mary was clearly absent, and so, as it later appeared, was Florabella.

'Two!' mourned Sylvia, 'I don't mind so much about Florabella, but —O, Uncle Joe!' For Uncle Joe had drawn from his pocket a small, dishevelled creature. 'Which is this?' he asked. 'I found her under the currant bushes.'

Sylvia always remembered after things were found just how she had happened to leave them in such singular places. It seemed a pity, as Uncle Joe frequently pointed out, that she never could remember before!

'That's Florabella!' she exclaimed. 'I remember now! I was going to make a swing for her under the big currant bush, and then I went to feed my chickens and forgot. But what can have become of Winifred Mary! She's the smallest of all my small dolls, and the prettiest, and I've always taken such care of her!'

Uncle Joe tried to smother a laugh, and Grandmother sighed. 'Sylvia, child,' she said, 'I don't belive you know how to take care of anything. I have heard before of children who were careless enough to lose their hats and their overshoes, but I never knew another little girl who habitually lost her own dolls!'

The next day Sylvia and Uncle Joe became a Search Party and

hunted for Winifred Mary. They looked in the orchard, and the barn, and the carriage-house, and the flower-garden and beside the brook: they found a handkerchief, two hair-ribbons and Belinda's best dress, but no trace of Winifred Mary was to be seen. A very small doll lost on a very large farm is not an easy thing to find.

Sylvia was an affectionate, if a careless mother; she searched and mourned faithfully for the missing Winifred Mary, and included her name tenderly each night in the Roll Call. Uncle Joe soon saw in the window of the village shop a small doll which, he said, looked to him so strikingly like Sylvia's missing child that he brought it home to her. At first he was inclined to insist that this was Winifred Mary, but when Sylvia pointed out that the new doll had brown hair, whereas Winifred Mary's was golden yellow, and that she was so large that not one of Winifred Mary's tiny frocks could possibly be coaxed on to her, he was forced to admit that there was only a strong family resemblance. He wished the new doll to be called Winifred Mary, so that the Roll Call might be complete, but this Sylvia steadily refused to do. 'Suppose Winifred Mary should be found?' she argued.

In September, when Sylvia said good-by to Grandmother and Uncle Joe and went back to the city, Winifred Mary was still missing. 'I'll send her by express, if I find her,' promised Uncle Joe, but Sylvia had given up hope.

Poor Winifred Mary was almost forgotten when one cold November morning a package arrived from the farm for Sylvia.

'What can they have sent me in a round hat box?' she wondered, and she wondered still more when the box was opened and disclosed a very large cabbage!

'It must be one of Uncle Joe's jokes,' said Sylvia's mother. 'Untie it, dear.' For the cabbage had been cut in quarters, and then tied together with red ribbon.

Sylvia untied the ribbon, the cabbage fell apart, and there, almost in its centre, lay Winifred Mary!

'Why—why'—began Sylvia, and then, as usual, she remembered. 'Mother,' she cried, 'I put Winifred Mary down in a big cabbage—I thought it would make such a cunning house for her—and then I went back to get the other little dolls, and—and'—

'And you thought of something else to do, and forgot poor Winifred Mary,' finished her mother, when she had done laughing, 'and the cabbage kept right on growing, and folded its big outer leaves over her and held her snug and warm—and how surprised Grandmother must have been when she cut open that cabbage!'

'It's like the Faithful Tin Soldier in the fish,' said Sylvia solemnly, 'but, O Mother—suppose they had boiled the cabbage!'

Mamma's Bunnies.

(By Catherine S. Foster, in 'The Congregationalist and Christian World.')

Marjorie and Elliott had the mumps and their dear little faces were all puffed up. Mamma tied up their cheeks with some of Papa's old soft handkerchiefs and the white ends sticking up on top looked like rabbit's ears, so she called them her white bunnies. The first two or three days they played with their toys and Mamma read them a great many stories and so they had nice times, but when the sliding began on their hill they wanted to go out of doors.

'Can't you wrap us all up and let us go out just for a little while?' said Elliott. 'We will only take three slides and then we will come in and be just as good.'

'Why, Elliott, what do you suppose the doctor would say if I were to let my little bunnies go out in the snow? Come over here and see what a good time Billy and Trixie are having.'

Billy and Trixie were kittens that lived next door and the children were very fond of them.

'I wish we had them over here to play with us,' said Marjorie.

Just then Elliott left the room and in a little while came back with a letter written on his Christmas paper, and this is what it said:

Dear Billy and Trixie: Marjorie and I have the mumps. Would your mamma let you come over and play with us? We will give you lots of milk. Do you catch mice? Do come. ELLIOTT.

When Mrs. Gray read the letter she said, 'The dear things, they shall have those kittens.'

Half an hour later Elliott's door-bell rang and there stood Mrs. Gray's Mary Ann, with a broad smile on her face and a large Angora kitten under each arm. Billy and Trixie were dressed for the occasion. One wore a red bow and the other a blue one and at the end of each ribbon was fastened a note for each of the children, asking them over to take tea with Mrs. Gray when they were better.

It was hard to tell which had the better time that afternoon, the children or the kittens. Elliott let Billy sit on one of the nice cushions and sharpen his claws, a thing he was never allowed to do at home, and Marjorie tied a string on a spool and Trixie had such a nice time chasing it all round the room. When supper-time came the kittens had their milk in the dining-room with the children and it was a happy little time. After supper they all sat down on the fur rug in front of the fire and Elliott told Marjorie and the kittens stories; 'they can understand,' said Elliott, 'and the way I know is because they purred very loud when I told them about the old black cat we used to have.'

At bed-time Papa carried Billy and Trixie home and he said they purred all the way. When Mamma put the children to bed she took the handkerchiefs off of their faces and said, 'Now I haven't any little bunnies.'

'But you have us,' said Elliott.

'Yes, dearies,' said Mamma, kissing them, 'and if the sun shines to-morrow, you can both go out and play for a little while.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

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Correspondence

W. L., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence page. I am twelve years old; my birthday is on the 25th of April. I go to school, and study grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, health reader, and we write and draw. I like drawing very much. I have a big cat called 'Tom,' of which I am very fond. My father is the Presbyterian Minister here. I was born in Hants Co., N.S. Papa, mamma, and I spent the Christmas holidays there. We had a large tree, and we had a lovely time. I can skate. We skate on what we call the 'gully.' The water from the ocean comes in over the marsh, and in winter it freezes and makes a large sheet of ice.

MARION McLEOD.

G. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at the Band of Hope, and like it very much. My mother used to get subscribers for it when she was a little girl (20 years ago). I had a pet of a nice black kitten, and she was so fond of the cows that they smothered her, and I was very sorry. I have three brothers living and one dead. I was eleven the 14th of August. I weigh eighty-one pounds.

MYRTLE L. NORMAN.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Edna Cohoon asks what is the middle chapter in the Old Testament, and I think it is the eleventh Psalm.

We get the 'Northern Messenger' from Sunday School, and like it very much.

STANLEY S. BRYANS.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Verna and Gertie E. Long ask where the word girl is found in the Bible. It is in two places, in Joel, the third chapter and the third verse, and in Zechariah, the eighth chapter and the fifth verse. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School, and also take the 'Witne s.'

MAGGIE R. V. BRYANS.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and would not like to be without it. I am going to send you some puzzles.

1st.—500 begins it, 500 ends it, and 5 in the middle is seen, the first of all letters, the first of all figures, fills up the spaces between.

The answer to Gertrude Sargent's, to Samson's riddle:—The bees made honey in a dead lion's carcass.

C. B.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and I must say I do like to read the correspondence, and to look at the drawings. I go to school about two miles from our place. I am in the third book, and I take history, physiology, reading, geography, composition, grammar, literature, arithmetic, and spelling. I am eleven years old. We are having a Christmas entertainment at the Presbyterian Church. I hope it will be successful. We are also having an entertainment at our school.

We have not had much sleighing yet. We have had quite a lot of skating. I like skating very much.

I have three pets, two of them are kittens. I call them Fannie and Katie. The other is a dog; I call him Collie.

I have two sisters and no brothers. I am sending a little drawing with this letter.

Yours truly,

MARY McMURPHY.

F. C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school, and I am in the second reader. I have one little brother; his name is Kenneth, he is sixteen months old. I have four dolls, their names are Rosie, Amy, Bertha and Liba. My father is a farmer. We have nine cows milking, and five horses, and lots of hens and chickens. My uncle and aunt were here on a visit this summer from Rochester, New York. For pets I have a black cat, her name is Minnie, and a kitten, and a bantie named Polly. I have an uncle and aunt that live in Star Clinton. They have a little girl, her name is Edna Vinian Elizabeth, she is such a nice little baby, she is so good natured I like to sit and hold her.

EMMA BROOKS.

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have one brother living, his name is Oman. I also have one brother dead, his name was Warren. I have no sisters. We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long while, it comes in my name.

I am 12 years old, and am in the seventh grade at school. There are 21 rooms in the S. schools.

Papa is a carpenter, and we are building a new house. I wonder if anybody's birthday is on the same day as mine—the 21st of November. I like reading, and have read a great many books. There are five churches here—Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, English and Catholic. I am sending a few conundrums:—

I.—What pen should never be used in writing?

II.—What is everybody doing at the same time.

ETHEL GILROY.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I would advise all the readers of the 'Messenger' to save it and any other Sunday School papers they get, and when they get a bunch of them send them to an Indian Reserve or to some missionaries. They are always glad to get them and think a lot of these papers. The 'Messenger' readers would be working for God by doing some little things like that. I have found out, too, if your parents are living, and you would like them to live long, happy and healthy lives, about the best thing a person can do is to live a good Christian life yourself. I have known several mothers to die young by some of their children turning out wild and bad. This city is a quiet place now, and we have lots of visitors, even from foreign countries, to see the lift-lock and the Trent Valley Canal, but the lift-lock is not such a very wonderful instrument, as it is supposed to be. It is about 100 feet high, and has several piers, and as a ship is hoisted up one side of the middle pier a ship is let gradually go down. The things the boats are hoisted or lowered in are shaped something like a meat pan, and have water in them to float the boats and steady them. It is pretty to see them hoisted away above your head, and I guess if something was to go wrong, and the boat would fall when it was hoisted you could imagine the noise and excitement it would cause. I guess it is because I live here that I don't bother much about it. We have a lot of large manufacturing places and businesses here in this city now. I hope all the young 'Messenger' readers pay attention to the lessons and advice of the 'Messenger,' and try and live good Christian lives, doing good themselves, for it is pretty nice to think and to be able to say that you did what was right in your young days, and that you were kind to your parents, and thoughtful of them, and made their lives happy. So good bye.

FROM A 'MESSENGER' READER.

E., Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. I think it is a very nice paper. If I were to give up taking the 'Messenger' we would miss it very much. I like reading the paper, especially the Correspondence page, and the Temperance page, but I think page ten is the best. I don't go to school yet, because it is too far for us to walk, it is a mile from where we live. We are having a new schoolhouse built. While they are building it they keep the school on the west side of the harbor. We expect to be going in the new one by Christmas. I am in the sixth reader. We have a female teacher. This winter my sister went a little while when it was warm, but it is too cold for her now. My father was up deer hunting this fall; he got three deer. There are a lot of people this winter schooner building. It is lonesome down here now, there is a lot of people gone from where we lived. I think there are going to be some schooners built here this winter. I wonder if anyone's birthday is on the same day as mine, the 15th of August. This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' I am sending my subscription now.

FLORENCE P. SCEVIOUR.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Bison.' Willie Jewell (13), S. F., Ont.
2. 'My Pony.' Johnny Nelson (10), P.C., Ont.
3. 'Two beavers gnawing.' Mary Murphy, W., Ont.
4. 'Deer.' Geo. Wany (13), S. F., Ont.
5. 'Daffodils, sweet daffodils.' Jean H. (13), W., Ont.
6. 'Hart of the Black Forest.' Hettie Kerr (14), N. O., Sask.
7. Holly.' Allie Seaman (10), S. F., Ont.
8. 'Horse and Harness.' Irene Smith (8), S. F., Ont.
9. 'Goat.' Victor P. (13), C. Assa.

A New Geographical Game.

Seat the players in a row. Let the first one say aloud the name of a city, mountain, river lake, etc., located in any part of the world; the next player give a name beginning with the final letter of the previously said name, and the third supply one beginning with the final letter of the second, and so on around the ring. Thus: America, Athens, Santiago, Ohio. Each player is allowed thirty seconds in which to think. If, by the end of that time, he has failed to supply a name he must drop out of the game. The one who keeps up longest is the champion. Any player, at any time, may be challenged to give the geographical location of the place he has named. If, on demand, he cannot do so he must pay a forfeit.—Rozelle Purnell M. Handy.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 21, 1906.

The Boy Jesus.

Golden Text.

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and Man.—Luke ii., 52.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 15.—Luke ii., 40-52.
Tuesday, Jan. 16.—I. Sam. iii., 1-10.
Wednesday, Jan. 17.—I. Sam. iii., 11-21.
Thursday, Jan. 18.—II .Tim. iii., 12-4; 5.
Friday, Jan. 19.—John ii., 13-22.
Saturday, Jan. 20.—Matt. xxi., 11-17.
Sunday, Jan. 21.—Is. lvi., 1-8.

(By W. Davis Clark.)

One incident—one only—of Jesus' youth is preserved. If analyzed, it will be found to be the whole period in epitome—the spirit, traits, acquirements of Jesus before entrance upon His public career.

A temple nuncio on his round had apprised Nazareth of the approaching feast. The festal caravan, chanting the psalms of ascent, was soon en route. It may be that on this sacred journey Mary disclosed to the opening consciousness of her son the things which she had 'kept and pondered in her heart.'

Not the prodigious mass of humanity, not the golden and marble temple that could accommodate a quarter of a million, not even the speaking ceremonial which had been performed for a millennium and a half—not these, but the Messianic idea and the dawning consciousness, 'I am He,' absorbed Jesus, and made Him oblivious to time and place and human relationship. The glowing ember burst into flame.

The Child among the doctors is no anachronism. It is in strictest accord with Jewish custom. The sittings of the rabbis were open to all. 'Sons of the law.' Hebrew youths twelve years and over, were especially welcome, and encouraged to show what they knew. The catechetical was the favorite method. 'What meaneth?' was on lips of teacher and taught. What surprised the doctors in this Galilean boy was the absence of stereotyped rabbinical phrase. No touch of schools or schoolmen was on Him. Here was originality divine—the truth free from the scholastic barnacles of gloss and paraphrase, yet a childish gentleness and humility transfusing all. The Father's matters were undoubtedly subject of discourse; the Messiah, when, whence, what like, effect of His coming? Many a doctor must have said that day, 'Whence hath this Child this wisdom?' They were in an ecstacy of admiration. The impression the Child made was no doubt lively; but the appearance of Galilean peasants who claimed to be His parents, and to whom He gave ready obedience, was calculated to tone it down.

The conversation between Mother and Child casts at least a ray on that inexplicable relationship. It is as if Mary had said, 'Son, here is your first act that surpasses my comprehension.' There is more of pathos in it than question-ness. His answer, dutiful and affectionate, is: 'Mother, I'm surprised you sought me anywhere but in my Father's house, where His matters are considered. I thought you knew the interest unknown to others, which would attract me and hold me here.'

But obediently, in an instant, and for eighteen years, He quits this place of absorbing interest, this agreeable assembly; exchanges the temple for a car, meet ship the sanhedrin for the provincial neighbors of Nazareth all at His lowly mother's beck.

But this incident was, humanly speaking, of incalculable value to Jesus. The holy consciousness, first quickened in the temple, opened and bloomed in His soul. While still subject to His parents, and having a perfectly normal human development of a character so lovely as to fairly captivate His rugged highland neighbors, yet the knowledge of His divine nature and vocation ran parallel therewith.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I.—The feast announced.
Festal caravan to Jerusalem.
Route and incidents by the way.
Jesus and His parents in the company.
II.—Arrival in Jerusalem.
What interested the Boy, Jesus.
Dawning consciousness of His character and commission.
III.—Jesus among the doctors.
Accordance with Jewish custom.
Socratic method—asking and answering.
Probable theme of inquiry.
IV.—Jesus and His Mother.
The ideal of filial obedience.
V.—Effect of incident upon character.
Growing knowledge of nature and vocation; parallel to physical and mental evolution.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

This incident, at first blush a pictorial affair, bristles with lessons for parents and children, for teachers and pupils. It is the anatomy of a child's heart for the child himself, and for the would-be helper of the child. . . . The Child Jesus was the ideal learner. He kept filling with wisdom. He stored His memory with Scripture, and in addition persistently drew from His environment, physical and social. The evidences of the accuracy and wideness of His observations abound in His discourses. It was this that prepared Him to be the ideal Teacher. . . . The home of Jesus had a beautiful setting of physical scenery. Nazareth, with its white domes and abundant foliage, has been described as a handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald. Hermon, Tabor, Carmel, the sea and Esdraelon were in sight. The impression made on Jesus' mind is evident from its reproduction in His parables. . . . Social life was also unique. There was art and traffic. The teeming population was so infused with Greek spirit as to be called 'Gentile.' It must have influenced the Youth Jesus. . . . But home was chief factor in the evolution of Jesus' character. The Hebrew home was a night-blooming cereus. Paganism knew nothing worthy the name of home. Oriental children were, as a rule, dismissed to the company of slaves. . . . In the Jewish household, on the contrary, the sweetest confidence maintained between parent and child. 'Father, what meaneth this?' was often on the child's lips, and to describe the intent of ceremonial or memorial was the father's delight. There were eight well-defined stages in the religious nurture of Hebrew youth. The sacred name greeted his eye on the door-post as he came or went. He must needs learn his Shema and Hallel. He had his own birthday text, an acrostic from Scripture which spelled his name. The thoroughness of Jesus' training is evident from the familiarity with every part of the Old Testament, in both Hebrew and Greek which He showed.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND EPWORTH LEAGUE TOPIC.

Luke ii., 40-52.

CHRIST'S LIFE FROM BOYHOOD.

(Union meeting with Junior Society.)

Jesus was the ideal Boy as well as the ideal Man. He grew physically, and at the same time got stronger in mind and spirit. It was at church (the temple of Jerusalem) that he had His first glimpse of what He was called to be and to do in this world. It was in the joy of this revelation and His personal surrender to it that He lost himself in 'His Father's house.' Forgetful of self, in the possession of a great thought, He talked to the rabbis like one inspired. But His vision did not make Him disrespectful to His Mother or disobedient to His parents. He went home and obeyed them. It is recorded of His boyhood that He increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 21.—Topic—Christ's life. I. Lessons from His boyhood. Luke ii., 40-52. (Union meeting with the Junior society.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHRIST'S BOYHOOD.

Monday, Jan. 15.—The promise to Mary. Luke i., 26-32.
Tuesday, Jan. 16.—The birth of Christ. Luke ii., 8-17.
Wednesday, Jan. 17.—The visit of the wise men.—Matt. ii., 1-12.
Thursday, Jan. 18.—The flight into Egypt. Matt. ii., 13-15.
Friday, Jan. 19.—The return to Nazareth. Matt. ii., 19-23.
Saturday, Jan. 20.—How the Child grew. Luke ii., 40.
Sunday, Jan. 21.—Topic —Lessons from Christ's boyhood. Luke ii., 40-52. (Union meeting with older society.)

CHRISTIAN TOLERANCE.

There is a genuine and Christian toleration which is not indifference. It consists with the most deep and serious feeling. This toleration cares about truth, and cares about what seem errors in its teaching; but it rests confidently in faith that truth will win its own victories in God's good time; and it acts consistently on the knowledge that love is greater even than truth, and must break the path in places where truth has not yet appeared. This is the tolerance of faith and charity, which a man shows in places where he feels deeply, whether those places be in politics or in religion.—'Sunday School Times.'

The costliest garment worn is the cloak of hypocrisy. He who would dress in taste and without cost should be 'clothed with humility.'

How to Unfold a Lesson.

(Prof. Dager, in the 'Evangel.')

There are many things that we must learn from the children of this world, who are often wiser in their generation than the children of light. Study the man who starts out with a bag of samples, with the one definite purpose to so present these samples as to win purchasers for the goods which they represent. What can we learn from him?

First note with what care he packs his box. He walks about the store for days, mentally connects the goods there with the customers thousands of miles away; and, not until he has gotten goods and customers associated, does he attempt the selection of his samples. The preacher must have his congregation in his study when he prepares his sermon, and the teacher must have her class in her room when she is getting ready for next Sunday.

Now comes an interesting step. The order in which articles are packed away determines largely the order in which they must be unpacked. Avoid confusion and disorder here. I saw a large box of seed, the contents of which had cost the owner many dollars, but, through the jolting of a rough road, had become indiscriminately mixed—seed of grass, clover, beets, radishes, turnips, carrots and many other vegetables commingled in a worthless mass. There was not much temptation even to a thirsty pilgrim to drink at the country store whose board announced, 'Coal Oil and Soda Water.'

I once surprised a salesman in his room, with many articles spread upon the table. He explained his position by saying, 'I was just taking these out of my valise to see if I had them packed in the best order.' A teacher might thus profitably employ a short season on Saturday evening.

May I just here emphasize that a great deal of the confidence and force with which a lesson is presented is derived from the teacher's consciousness that he has just what is needed to make those whom he teaches happy for time and eternity. I can fish with double the patience and perseverance when I feel that I have the best tackle and the most captivating bait.

Three Excuses for Smoking.

(Uncle Edward, in the 'Irish Temperance League Journal.')

A waiting room, six bonnie lads;
  A pleasant, lively set;
Four out of six are puffing hard
  Their pipe or cigarette.

An ancient 'Uncle' saunters in.
  All know him as their friend;
They've heard his constant 'good advice'—
  His warnings—without end.

Teetotal, all—with one consent
  They advocate 'NO DRINK';
But from the deadly cigarette
  Two only seem to shrink.

They're wise enough to see the woe
  That alcohol has wrought;
But when tobacco is exposed
  They exercise no thought.

The paralyzing, deadly fumes
  Have seared their common sense;
And though they have no pounds to waste,
  They throw away their pence.

Forgetful of the wise old 'saw,'
  That gold will never stay
Where modest little 'penny browns'
  Are let to slip away.

The 'Uncle' soon with friendly chat
  Their merry wit provoked;
He praised the two who shunned the weed,
  And warned the four who smoked.

Then pleasantly he asked of each—
  'Pray tell me why you smoke?'
But of the four smoke-laden tongues,
  Three only silence broke.

The first said gaily—'PASS THE TIME!'
  The second—'CLEAR THE CHEST!'
The third—'CANT DO WITHOUT IT NOW.'
  With faltering tone confessed.

We'll take these three young men's replies
  And put aside all fun,
And weigh in solemn earnestness
  Each answer one by one.

The first reply is—'PASS THE TIME!'
  Or 'RUSH IT THROUGH IN HASTE';
As though this quickly fleeting life
  Had countless hours to waste!

As though we had a thousand lives
  To frivolously spend;
As though it mattered not a straw
  How soon this life would end.

Ah! POOR EXCUSE. It will not stand
  God's scrutinizing eye;
Would any dare to offer it
  When on the point to die?

To 'PASS THE TIME.' Oh! strange indeed
  That LIFE—so sadly short—
Should ever thus be wasted out
  In smoke, or drink, or sport.

ONE LIFE TO LIVE, and ONLY ONE,
  Before we reach the grave;
ONE life to live, or FLING AWAY,
  ONE SOUL TO LOSE, OR SAVE!

And now we'll take the next excuse;
  A paltry one at best.
What is there worth a moment's thought
  In smoke 'TO CLEAR YOUR CHEST?'

And now we'll take the next excuse;
  If boys of seventeen
Have 'chests' choked up unhealthily,
  And lean on nicotine.

  Use Temperance and exercise,
  Breathe wholesome air—take rest;
Let God be first in all your thoughts—
  Invite Him for a guest.

And not a single ailment then
  Need mar your perfect health;
Sound hearts will throb in all your 'chests';
  That's better far than wealth.

The last excuse—CAN'T DO WITHOUT—
  Is saddest of the three;
It speaks a fettered, conquered will,
  And life-long misery.

Oh! stop, young man. STOP NOW, STOP NOW!
  No time will ever be
So suitable for breaking off
  This hateful yoke. BE FREE!

Then hurrying hours and hastening days,
  And years as on they fly,
Will bring resolve for purer joys,
  And Heaven by and bye.

The Paper Patsy Found.

(J. M'Nair Wright, in the 'Youth's Temperance Banner.')

'Mother! mother! come here; I've found a paper that I think is pretty nice,' cried Patsy Gray.

Mrs. Gray left her ironing and came to the porch door. Patsy had just come from school; his book and cap lay beside him, and he was spelling out the words on a clean, stiff paper.

'I found it in the street; it's clean and new and no name on it.'

'It is a temperance pledge,' said his mother.

'And do you put your name here in the corner, to do as it reads, never to use wine, beer, cider, or any intoxicating drinks?'

'Yes; that is what it is for. I heard a gentleman was here to start a temperance society, and this must be one of his pledges.'

'And folks sign it and belong to the society?'

'Yes; that is it. And when one signs such a pledge, one must keep it sacred, on honor, and that can be done by God's help only.'

'Would you like me to sign?' said Patsy.

'Indeed I would,' said his mother. 'I am a widow, and you are my only son, my hope and comfort. If you go wrong my heart will break. If you are a good, true man, it will sing for joy.'

'I wouldn't want you to sit crying like Mrs. Green, because her boy drinks and went to jail.'

'I hope not!' exclaimed Mrs. Gray.

'Suppose I sign this, and go and hunt up the gentleman, and ask him to let me belong to his society?'

'That will be a good plan. He is at our preacher's house.'

'That will be fine. Perhaps there can be enough to form a band. If some of you boys form a good strong band, and have meetings and keep it up year after year, and become earnest temperance men, think how much good you can do; you may change the character of this village, and drive out all liquor selling. Then our little village would grow into a rich, happy, safe town!'

'Can boys do all that?' shouted Patsy.

'Yes; the boys of now are the men of by and bye. If all the boys thirty years ago had been real strong temperance boys, I think the question of temperance would be settled for this country.'

'Well, now, mother, I'll sign this pledge, and take it to school, and tell the teacher and the boys; and after school a lot of us will go to find the temperance man.'

'Very good! Perhaps your teacher will be the president of the society, and you can have your meetings in the school-house.'

'Whoop! ain't you the one to plan!' cried Patsy. 'Here goes for signing, and I'm off to school as soon as I have a bite of dinner. When I get to be a man, I'll see that you have a big dinner every day and a hired girl to cook it for you!'

Some Effects of Alcohol.

(Dr. Saleeby, in the London 'Mail.')

How does it come about that many people take alcohol to keep out the cold? Simply because the nerves of our sense of temperature end in the skin. Be our skin well supplied with warm blood we say we are warm, and vice versa. Furthermore, we normally lose heat and keep our temperature at the proper level by radiation from the skin. Any drug that dilates the blood vessels of the skin will therefore tend to make us feel warmer and be colder.

Infinitely more important than all these considerations is the action of alcohol on the nervous system. I have no business at this moment with the records of insanity or of crime, but it is worth while to dispel another popular fallacy as to the influence of alcohol on the mental processes.

Numberless tests have been carried out with such processes as adding up a column of figures, writing an account of a simple occurence, discriminating between colors, and so forth. And the singular result, well established and confirmed, is that alcohol delays the rapidity and impairs the accuracy of all these processes while producing the most convincing illusion of ease and rapidity. The calculator has a subjective impression of facility which the cold clock entirely fails to confirm.

How I Became a Total Abstainer.

When I was about fourteen years of age, my parents went to England on account of my mother's health. I was left in charge of friends. There was a dear young girl in this family nearly the same age as mine, to whom I was much attached, indeed we were as one. We had, I found, the run of the cider barrel, and we helped ourselves freely. This was in September. Later in the season, there was a barrel of small beer placed in the pantry, to which we also had access. A very sad habit was being thus formed, of which for some time we did not stop to think. But one evening I read an account of a woman, a wife, and a mother, who became a drunkard, and neglected her family, her home, and everything, for the sake of drink. I was struck with a dreadful fear, and thought my friend and I were in danger. The next day, when we started to go to that beer barrel, at the pantry door we stopped, and I said to my friend, 'Annie, let's form a Temperance Society right here, in our hearts, that we will not touch this beer any more.' We both pledged ourselves then and there, and kept it, too. The next Sunday the pledge was passed round in our Sunday school, of St. Peter's Church, Albany, N.Y., and I gladly signed, and have ever since believed it a sacred duty to sign every pledge, whenever passed, and, not only to keep from cider and beer, but every other alcoholic stimulant of every kind. I firmly believe our Blessed Lord arrested us and saved us from the terrible habit we little girls had formed in our blindness, and the too great freedom allowed us from parental restraint.—F.S.

Alcohol in Cooking.

The 'Wesleyan Methodist' says: It is surprising to one who has noted the evils which come to homes from the presence of alcohol beverages and various concoctions that any mother can bring herself to tolerate the stuff in the home for an hour. It is undoubtedly true that thousands of boys have had their start towards a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell from the cider barrel in the father's cellar. Very closely associated with the feature of evil is the use of brandy or any other form of alcohol in cooking. We would just as soon set the dreadful poison before our children in cups or glasses as in the dressing for puddings, or in mince pies, and we have no less detestation for the use of hard cider for the pies than we have for the brandy. It is the alcohol which does the damage in any case, and it is present in the cider as well as in the more aristocratic drinks.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

HOUSEHOLD.

Exhibiting Children.

Perhaps the most delightful quality of childhood is its unaffected simplicity. A young child plays no part. It lives a natural life without reserve and without pretence. Things are just what they seem and the child would not have them otherwise.

There is such a charm about a child's unconsciousness of self and its native ignorance of even the possibility of concealed motives in others, that every heart warms toward childhood, and the frank sayings of children are all welcomed and treasured. Many a truth is uttered by lips which older minds have ignored. The spirit of childhood has been declared to be the essential spirit of the kingdom of heaven.

What an infinite pity, therefore, that parents and teachers should so often destroy all this charm by their ill-considered efforts to show children off. Little Gertrude learns to repeat a bit of poetry or to sing a simple song, and her mother forgets the danger of publicity and immediately attempts to have her exhibit her attainment to admiring relatives. Of course they applaud, even though the poetry or song be cruelly maltreated. Gertrude naturally thinks she has done something to be proud of. So a little of the bloom of childhood's charm is rubbed off. Let this process go on indefinitely and certain very positive results can be predicted. The little girl will become a self-conscious bore. What at first seemed attractive in her performances will soon be overbalanced by a faultiness increasing through neglect. A certain priggishness and selfish desire for applause will succeed simple and frank self expression. And soon there will be manifest in the formerly innocent child a willingness to play a public role which will bring her many a troublous experience, and prevent her from the truer friendships which are granted only to those who are pure in heart.—E. H. Chandler, in the 'Advance.'

Putting Clothes Away.

The woman who knows how to put away her belongings is not only neat, but economical and generally smart in appearance. When she comes in from a walk she never hangs up her coat by the loop inside the collar; if she puts it away in the closet, she uses a coat hanger—if she leaves it around the room, knowing she may need it soon, the hanger will keep it in shape. The skirts of her gowns never have a stringy look because they are always hooked and then hung by two loops. For a tailor made skirt she uses a small coat hanger with the ends bent down a little; this keeps the skirt in exsellent shape and causes it to hang in even folds. The strings of her underskirt are tied and the garment is hung by the loops, thus never showing a hump where it has rested on the hook. For the same reason her shirt waists are always hung by the armholes, unless they have hanging loops. Handsome waists have both sleeves stuffed with tissue paper, and then laid in drawers or boxes.

Shoes are easily kept in shape by slipping a pair of trees into them as soon as they are removed from the feet, if trees are not available, newspaper will do, if it is stuffed in very tight. It is well to roll each veil on a stiff piece of paper; a single fold will often spoil the set of a veil and sometimes even mar the expression of the face. Gloves should always be removed by turning them wrong side out; they should then be turned back again, blown into shape and each finger smoothed out. Ties, especially four in hand or golf ties, should be hung to avoid creasing.

Hats, of course, should be kept out of the dust and placed so that the trimming will not be disarranged. This disposition depends so much on the hat and the available space, that each woman must use her own ingenuity. However, it is safe to say that no hat should be laid flat down on a shelf. Furs, also, should be protected from dust, and a muff should always be stood on end.

Care of Ferns.

Contrary to the opinion of most people, the Boston fern thrives best when exposed for at least half a day to strong sunlight. An ideal place for such a fern is an east bay window. The plant never should be turned around except twice a year, once early in the spring and again in November. About the first of March cut off all the fronds on the side that has been turned toward the light. In a few weeks the young fronds will be half grown. In the autumn repeat the process. In this way all the fronds are renewed every twelve months.

Quite as important as this systematic exposure to sunlight is proper drainage. The pot which holds the fern should stand on an inverted bowl in a jardiniere. There is always water in the jardiniere, but owing to the inverted bowl it never reaches the roots of the fern. If the pot stands in water the soil sours and the roots rot, sometimes to within a few inches of the soil's surface.

Another point that must be remembered is that the roots of the fern need air. This free circulation of air is obtained by having the jardiniere several sizes larger than the inner receptacle.

Every week stir into the soil half a teaspoonful of plant-food. Be careful not to let the food touch the fern itself, but mix well with the earth about it.

If scales should get on the fern, wash it with a soft sponge dipped in a suds made from whale-oil soap. After two or three hours wash off with clear water, as the suds fill up the pores of the fern stems.

Once a day moisten the soil about the fern with a pint of cold tea or coffee.—Chicago 'Tribune.'

A Suggestion.

(Miss Busybody.)

The teacher will find the following device, which I learned from an old German teacher, to be a great saving of noise and confusion in the school room. In place of having the pupil raise his hand, making it necessary for the teacher to ask what is wanted, let them designate what is wanted by the number of fingers raised, thus:

1 finger—may I come to you?—the teacher.

2 fingers—may I speak?

3 fingers—may I pass to some part of the room without speaking, to pass a book, get a drink, etc.?

4 fingers—may I leave the room?

The little tots soon learn it and you cannot fail to be pleased with the plan.—'Popular Educator.'

Dont's for the Eyes.

Don't use the eyes before breakfast.

Don't read in a reclining attitude, or in bed.

Don't use the eyes when they are tired or weak from illness.

Don't bathe eyes that are inflamed with cold water. Use warm water.

Don't wear a veil with black dots, or one woven with double threads.

Don't open the eyes under water when bathing, especially in salt water.

Don't neglect to bathe the eyes occasionally in salt water. A weak solution is best.

Don't look too steadily from a car window at objects that are constantly flying past you.

Don't sleep opposite a window, or where a strong light will strike the eyes on awakening.

Don't work longer than two hours without closing the eyes and resting for five minutes.

Don't expose the eyes at any time to a very strong light, such as sunshine or gas or lamp light.

Don't sit facing a strong light. If possible, let the light fall on the work or book from over the shoulder.

Don't have colored shades on the lamps. Use white or ground glass. If you must have a colored shade, let it be green.

Don't rub the eyes by outward motion, but toward the nose, which rounds the ball and preserves the normal shape.

Don't fail to consult an oculist if you find that your eyesight is growing dim, or hesitate to wear glasses, if you need them.

Don't try to get cinders out of your eyes by rubbing. Dip a tiny camel's hair brush in oil and draw gently across the eyeball.

Don't fail to wash the eyes every night before retiring, so as to remove any dust that may have gathered on the lids during the day. —St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'

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Household Hints.

Cracks in a cooking stove can be satisfactorily filled by a paste made of six parts common wood ashes to one part of table salt, mixed with cold water. Properly mixed, it will prove lasting, and will take blacking.

If you want to clean a brass bird cage, scour it thoroughly first with soap, using a flannel and the soap rather dry. If spots remain, dilute a little vitriol with four times the amount of water, and rub it well into the stained parts with a flannel. Be careful not to let the vitriol touch your fingers. Wash off the vitriol with plenty of water, dry the cage, and polish with a leather.

A bit of vanilla makes palatable the cup of chocolate.

When cooking fruit add a pinch of salt, as it greatly improves the flavor.

Apples for dumplings should not be cored, for the flavor of the pits greatly improves the cooked fruit.

The wee child just beginning to talk enjoys hearing 'please' and 'thank you' perhaps as much as big people.

To preserve shoe soles, melt together tallow and resin in the proportion of one part resin to two of tallow, and apply hot to the soles, as much as they will absorb. This keeps out water and makes the soles last much longer.

Finger-marks on paint can be removed by rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in prepared chalk. Never put soda in the water you use for washing paint. It injures delicate colors.

Stains on china can be removed by rubbing with salt or powdered bath brick. These remedies can also be used for cleaning an enamelled saucepan that is stained or burnt.

To save your stockings, sew a piece of chamois leather on the inside of the heel of your shoe. This will prevent it rubbing the stocking, and so delays the appearance of those dreadful holes.

Dip your fingers into a lemon from which much of the juice has been squeezed, and the ink-stains will speedily disappear. It is always best to remove stains before washing the hands with soap.

When cleaning silver add a few drops of liquid ammonia to prepared chalk and water, if you want your silver to look its best. Remember that all powder must be brushed out of all crevices with a soft brush before the final polishing.

The dirtiest frying-pan will become clean if soaked five minutes in ammonia and water.

Never cover a pan in which fish is being cooked. To do so will make the fish soft, and spoil the firm quality so desirable.

If a cork should be too large for the neck of a bottle, drop it into boiling water for three minutes, and it will be found to fit quite easily.

Polished ironwork can be preserved from rust by an inexpensive mixture made of copal varnish mixed with as much olive oil as will give it a degree of greasiness, and afterwards adding to this mixture as much spirits of turpentine as of varnish.—Exchange.

Selected Recipes.

Chocolate Nougat Cake.—One-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of sweet milk, one-half cake of chocolate and the yolks of two eggs. Cook this in a double boiler and cool. One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Add the cooled mixture last. Flavor with vanilla. This can be baked as a loaf or layer cake. Use the whites of the two eggs for frosting. For the layer cake blanched almonds or walnuts should be thrown on the frosting between the layers and the top. I prefer English walnuts.

Corn Dainty.—Open a can of corn, run the corn through a meat chopper to grind fine all the whole and coarse grains. Place a baking dish on the stove, put in two spoonfuls of butter, when hot add the corn, a teaspoonful of sugar, salt and pepper; cook and stir for a few minutes, add and stir in well three beaten eggs, and place in the oven until slightly browned.

Butter Sponge Cake.—Two cups sugar, one of butter, six eggs beaten separately, one-half cup milk, one-half cup water, two teaspoons baking powder, three cups flour. Mix butter and sugar to a cream. Add yolks. Do not beat much. Next, milk with whites and flour last. Bake in loaf or cup cakes.

Graham Gems.—Have ready the gem pans. Into three cupfuls of graham flour sift one teospoonful of baking powder, and one-half of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir this into a scant pint of cold milk, beat until the surface of the batter is covered with bubbles, pour into the greased pans and bake immediately in a hot oven.

Breakfast or Lunch Dish.—One pound raw beef steak, one-half pound ham or lean bacon, cooked or raw; one-quarter pound bread crumbs, two eggs, pepper and salt. Pass the beef steak and ham through the mincing machine, then mix all well together and put in buttered mould. Boil four hours and serve cold. This is excellent for sandwiches.

Apple Custard.—Boil one and one-half pounds of lump sugar in one pint of water for twenty minutes, then add two pounds of apples, pared and cored, with the juice and peel of two small lemons. Boil this mixture slowly until quite stiff, and put it into a mould. When cold turn it out and pour a trick custard round it. Sponge cake or maccaroons may be placed in a tasteful manner round the dish, and it may be made still more ornamental by the addition of a little red currant jelly placed at intervals on the custard.

White Candies.—Three and one-half pounds of sugar to one and one-half pints of water, dissolve in the water before putting with the sugar, one-quarter of an ounce of fine white gum arabic and when added to the sugar put in one-teaspoon of cream of tartar. The candy should not be boiled quite to the brittle stage. The proper degree can be ascertained if, when a small skimmer is put in and taken out, when blowing through the holes of the skimmer, the melted sugar is forced through in feathery filaments; remove from the fire at this point and rub the syrup against the dish with an iron spoon. If it is to be a chocolate candy, add two ounces of chocolate finely sifted and such flavoring as you prefer, vanilla, rose or orange. If you wish to make cocoanut candy, add this while soft and stir until cold.

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AN OTTAWA CLERGYMAN.

Ottawa, Dec. 12, 1905.

Dear Sir,—I most heartily join the goodly company of your friends desirous to give sincere expresssion to their appreciation of the splendid career of enlarging usefulness pursued by the 'Witness' during the last sixty years. You may well celebrate the Diamond Jubilee.

It has unique light-radiating qualities. I know of no daily journal on this continent or on the old, which has taken as two of its prominent features pure religion and the suppression of the liquor traffic, that has achieved equal success. The changing spirit of the times has not changed the 'Witness' for righteousness in business and in politics. A journal noted for its untrammelled advocacy of total abstinence and evangelism, to have attained a place of pre-eminent influence in the nation side by side with the best of the secular press speaks volumes for the character and for the thought of its founder, and the ability of its present management. The 'Witness' aims at ideal citizenship for Canada, serving no party but the state; no church, but the essentials of the Christian religion. Its catholic mission may well be endorsed by all, who love our nation and our Christ.

I have for many years considered your editorials on foreign news and questions as giving the best and clearest insight into the situation then pending. In extending my congratulations I add my conviction for an enlarged sphere of public utility.

Yours truly,

A. A. CAMERON.

Ottawa. First Baptist Church.

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Rockland, Ontario,
December 19th, 1905.

Proprietors Montreal 'Witness,'
Montreal, Que.

Dear Sirs,—Having been a constant reader of your high class paper since my childhood, I most heartily join with your many friends in congratulating you on the attainment of your 60th Anniversary of publication.

Generally speaking, it might be quite sufficient to say that I cheerfully endorse the many good and kind things which have been said of you by so many others, but apart from the value of your paper in a moral, social and generally commercial sense, I desire to congratulate you in the strongest terms on your constant advocacy of a sound fiscal system. Of all the papers I read, there are none whose economic and financial articles I read with greater pleasure and profit, than those of the Montreal 'Witness.' Your paper has been a power for good in Canada.

My earnest wish is that you may long continue your good work.

Yours, very truly,

WM. C. EDWARDS.

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If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.— Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

Mail Bag.

The Manse, Ormstown, Que.,
Dec. 27, 1905.

Gentlemen,—In renewing our subscriptions for sixty-five copies of the 'Northern Messenger' for our Sunday-school, I desire to express to you the great satisfaction we have in using it. We have had it in our school for at least a quarter of a century and it has always held the first place in the estimation of our scholars. You have produced in it a paper that is at once popular, pure and wholesome; an efficient helper in the building of the highest type of Christian character, and at the same time so moderate in cost as to be within the reach of all, which is a great achievement. There is no other paper that I can so heartily commend for Sunday-school use as the 'Northern Messenger.'

Yours sincerely,
D. W. MORISON.

London, Ont., Dec. 26, 1905.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to join with the general sentiment of congratulation which is being expressed on this the anniversary of the publication of the 'Northern Messenger.' I believe it is the sentiment of our entire school that the 'Northern Messenger' is the best paper for the Sabbath-school and home published on the American continent. Our teachers and officers could not get along without the 'Messenger.' Wishing the 'Messenger' every success, I remain,

Yours very truly,
WILFRID CLARIS.

Carberry, Man., Dec. 19, 1905.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Que.:

Gentlemen,—I enclose herewith subscriptions for two renewals for both the 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide' for the ensuing year.

I cannot let the opportunity pass without adding my congratulations upon your Diamond Jubilee. I have read the 'Witness' ever since I could read anything, and it was read constantly by my parents before I was born. I have not always agreed fully with you, but I have never known you to be anything but an honest opponent—never hitting below the belt, and never sacrificing your convictions or principles for any prospective gain or loss. It is indeed the one paper in Canada upon whose absolute honesty one can depend.

Your fight for clean political and social life and for the suppression of the liquor traffic are beyond praise, and I am sure that if the latter ever gets a mortal blow the 'Witness' will be in at the death.

Yours truly,
J. M. NEILSON.

New Glasgow, N.S., Dec. 19, 1905.

Dear 'Witness,'—Enclosed is renewal for 1906. Congratulation for jubilee. May 'Witness' see many of them. The hope of the Dominion rises as the readers of the 'Witness' multiply.

(REV.) J. McG. MACKAY.

ONE-SYLLABLE SERIES
For Young Readers

Embracing popular works arranged for the young folks in words of one syllable. Printed from extra large, clear type, on fine paper, and fully illustrated by the best artists. The handsomest line of books for young children before the public.

Handsomely bound in cloth and gold, illuminated sides.

1. Aesop's Fables, 62 Illustrations. 2. A Child's Life of Christ, 49 Illustrations. 4. The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 70 Illustrations. 5. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 48 Illustrations. 6. Swiss Family Robinson 50 Illustrations. 7. Gulliver's Travels, 50 Illustrations. 9. A Child's Story of the Old Testament, 33 Illustrations. 10. A Child's Story of the New Testament, 40 Illustration 11. Bible Stories for Little Children, 41 Illustrations. 12. The Story of Jesus, 40 Illustrations.

Every subscriber sending his own subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' with two new subscriptions at 40 cents each, or $1.20 in all, will entitle the sender to a choice of one of these most interesting books.

OUR BEST CLUB.

'Northern Messenger' and
The 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead

The above papers are sent to one address every week for only $1.20. Try them for a year.

Those who receive the 'Northern Messenger' through their Sunday School may have the benefit of this reduced rate by remitting eighty cents and the forty cent coupon herewith making $1.20 in all for the above papers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
'Witness' Building, Montreal.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH FORTY CENTS

As I get the 'Northern Messenger' through our Sunday school I am entitled to enjoy the benefit of the attached club at $1.20. I, therefore, enclose this coupon and eighty cents to secure the 'Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead' for one year and so complete my club.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

POST OFFICE .....

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subecription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

"DIN."

Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who send $1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.

A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF

Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a patent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $1.60 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers. For every subscription short of required number add 25c each.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lense used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.
'The Farmer'—The Story of Jacob.
'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.
'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.
'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.
'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.
'The Boy Who Would be King' — The Story of Absalom.
'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.
'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the colorings. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number add 25c each. That is, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under eight pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best caricons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 50 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7¼ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, post paid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.

NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlock edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40c each.